GAMERVERSE
MARVEL
SPIDER-MAN
VELOCITY
#4
HOPELESS
LAISO
ROSENBERG

PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER AND GAINED THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH, AND AGILITY OF AN ARACHNID, ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES, AND THE UNIQUE PRECOGNITIVE AWARENESS OF DANGER CALLED *"SPIDER-SENSE"!* AFTER THE TRAGIC DEATH OF HIS UNCLE BEN, PETER UNDERSTOOD THAT WITH GREAT POWER THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, AND BECAME THE WALL-CRAWLING, WISECRACKING SUPER HERO CALLED…**SPIDER-MAN!**

MARVEL

SPIDER-MAN

VELOCITY

DAILY BUGLE REPORTER MARY JANE WATSON AND PETER PARKER, A.K.A. SPIDER-MAN, INVESTIGATED A SERIES OF GHOSTLY ATTACKS ONLY TO UNCOVER THAT THE ASSAILANT IS A VERY MUCH ALIVE YOUNG WOMAN WITH SUPER-SPEED POWERS NAMED HALEY HARVEY. IN HIS EFFORTS TO COMMUNICATE WITH HALEY, SPIDER-MAN ADAPTED HIS RECENTLY BUILT ARMOR TO ALSO MOVE AT SUPER-SPEED. MEANWHILE, MARY JANE CONTINUED TO INVESTIGATE THE YOUNG WOMAN'S MYSTERIOUS ORIGINS, SEEKING OUT HALEY'S MOTHER. BUT WHEN HALEY, PURSUED BY SPIDER-MAN, DISCOVERED MJ INTERVIEWING HER MOTHER AT HER HOME, HER ANGER AND UNCONTROLLABLE POWERS RESULTED IN A FIERY CONFRONTATION…

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Outside the Harveys' apartment.
YOU SET ME ON FIIIIIRE!
I DIDN'T.
YES!
NO.
YOU WERE ON FIRE WHEN I GOT THERE, KID.
THWIP
LET ME GOOOO!
LEAVE ME ALONE!
YOU'RE A MONSTERRR!
NO, I'M SPIDER-MAN.
YOU'RE KILLING ME!
I'M REALLY, REALLY NOT.
SNAAAP
WEIRD THING ABOUT FIRE:
IF YOU'RE MOVING FAST ENOUGH, IT CAN'T REALLY BURN YOU.
THIS ISN'T AS BAD AS IT LOOKS.

WHICH IS NOT TO SAY THAT IT'S GOOD.
SPLSSSH
THE IMPACT KNOCKED HER OUT.
ANY HIGHER UP AND IT MIGHT'VE KILLED HER.
BUT LET'S NOT DWELL ON THAT. THE WATER PROBABLY SAVED HER LIFE.
FOR NOW.

Inside the Harveys' apartment.
OW.
FIRE!
I GOT IT! I GOT IT!
FWOOOOSH
SO, UM... WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
FWOOOOSH
HALEY.
HALEY HAPPENED.
I'M SO SORRY.
IT'S ALL MY FAULT.
KA-TNNK

I WAS SO ANGRY ABOUT WHAT OSCORP DID TO HER DAD.
BLAMING THAT REPORTER. BLAMING THE WHOLE WORLD.
FILLING MY DAUGHTER'S HEAD UP WITH THAT ANGER. HER WHOLE LIFE.
AND I HAD IT ALL WRONG, DIDN'T I?
MY HUSBAND MADE THAT CALL... WANTED HIS STORY TOLD.
SO HALEY HAS BEEN TRYING TO STOP BEN AND ME. TO KILL THE STORY AND HIDE HER POWERS...
...FROM NORMAN OSBORN, RIGHT? THINKING OSCORP BURNED YOUR HUSBAND UP.
BUT HE DIDN'T. SO HOW IS THIS HAPPENING?
I DON'T KNOW.
IT'S MY FAULT.
IT'S ALL MY FAULT.
OSBORN WASN'T HERE TONIGHT, MRS. HARVEY.
NO ONE WAS.
SO...WHO STARTED THIS--
--FIRE?!
HALEY?!

MJ, LISTEN.
I'VE BEEN CHASING THIS GIRL AROUND TOWN ALL DAY AND IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER HOW FAST THE SUIT MAKES ME. SHE GOES FASTER.
AND FASTER AND FASTER AND FASTER.
THIS KID IS MOVING SO FAST SHE SET THE OXYGEN AROUND HER ON FIRE.
SHE'S LOSING CONTROL.
IF SHE WAKES UP AND TAKES OFF RUNNING, SHE WILL BURN HERSELF UP.
WE HAVE TO KEEP HER HERE. WE HAVE TO SLOW HER ALL THE WAY DOWN AND--
--YOU CAN'T SEE OR HEAR ME, CAN YOU?
I'M MOVING TOO FAST TO BE PERCEIVED.
I'VE TURNED MYSELF INTO A GHOST.
DAMMIT, MARY JANE, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR KARMIC RETRIBUTION.
TELL ME HOW TO TALK TO YOU.
MJ. It's Spider-Man (duh).
New suit has me trapped in fast-forward.
Going a million miles an hour.
If I'm not burnt to a crisp by the time you read this
Speed gives me time.
Going to try to fix this while she sleeps
But if she wakes up.
Try to keep her here.
Haley is a danger to herself if she runs.
Try to calm her down.
Just a scared kid.

NEVER BEEN SO HUNGRY
IN MY ENTIRE
LIFE.
Cereal Aisle
Sale!! 3x2!
I BUILT THIS SUIT TO KEEP UP WITH THE KID.
I THOUGHT IT WOULD MAKE ME FAST ENOUGH--BUT THERE *IS* NO FAST ENOUGH.

ALL I DID WAS PUSH HER PAST HER LIMITS.
THINKS I SET HER ON FIRE.
GOD, MAYBE I DID.
HAVE TO FIX THIS.
BEFORE SHE WAKES UP. BEFORE IT GETS *WORSE*.

BUT HOW?
THE SUIT'S CHARGED UP FROM THAT FIGHT.
SO LONG AS I'M IN IT, NEW YORK MOVES LIKE MOLASSES.

FOR ONCE SPIDER-MAN HAS ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD.
AND NO IDEA WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

WELL, I HAVE *ONE* IDEA, I GUESS.

The former lab of Dr. Octavius.
BUT IT ISN'T A VERY GOOD ONE.
OSBORN HAD THE BETTER PART OF TWO DECADES.
A NEAR-LIMITLESS BANK ACCOUNT.
DOZENS OF THE BEST SCIENTISTS IN THE WORLD.
A WORKING COMPUTER.
I HAVE ONE REALLY LONG GROUNDHOG DAY.
BOY, THIS SCIENCE IS BUSTED.
HOW MANY CONSECUTIVE HOURS OF MOLECULAR BIOLOGY
CAN A SPIDER-MAN STUDY
BEFORE HIS BRAIN SWELLS UP LIKE A BALLOON AND HIS EYES POP OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS?
IT'S BEEN THREE MINUTES, FRANKENSTEIN.
EYES ON THE PRIZE.
CAN'T PUSH GLASSWARE CART
AT SUPER-SPEED.
GOT IT.
GOOD TO KNOW.

NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE ARMCHAIR GENETIC ENGINEERING
TO GET THAT ANXIETY PUMPING.
WALKING THE RAZOR'S EDGE
BETWEEN MANIACAL HUBRIS
AND CRIPPLING IMPOSTOR SYNDROME.
WHERE ALL OF THE
MADDEST SCIENTISTS DWELL.
WELP...I'LL KNOW IN TEN SECONDS.
GOOD GOD.
IT'S GOING TO TAKE TEN SECONDS.

NO BIG.
IT'S FINE.
SPEEDY SPIDER-MAN
CAN DO A LOT OF GOOD
I'LL GO ON PATROL.
IN NO TIME AT ALL
CLEAR MY HEAD.
WITH EVERYBODY STANDING *STILL* LIKE THIS.

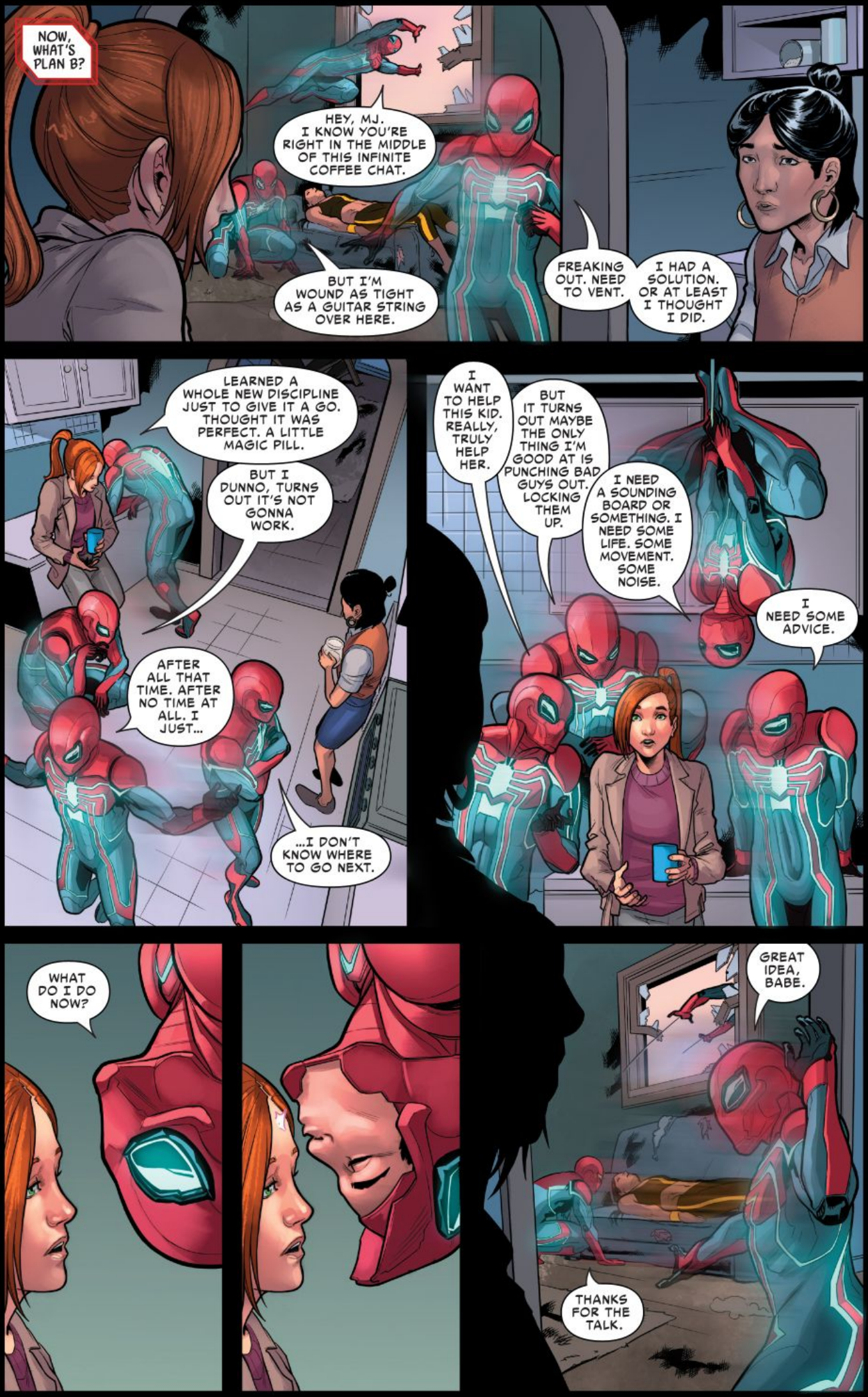
OKAY, THIS SILENCE
IS DEAFENING.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH QUIET NEW YORK.
TIMES SQUARE
IS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE--
WHOA.
I'M MOVING TOO FAST FOR THE SCREENS.
ON THE WRONG FREQUENCY. THAT IS WILD.
NOT EVEN THE ADVERTISERS CAN TALK TO ME.
NO WONDER THAT KID IS SO ANGRY.
SHE'S BEEN BY HERSELF IN THIS WORLD OF STATUES
FOR HOW LONG?
LONELINESS IS CRUSHING ON THE SHORTEST DAY.

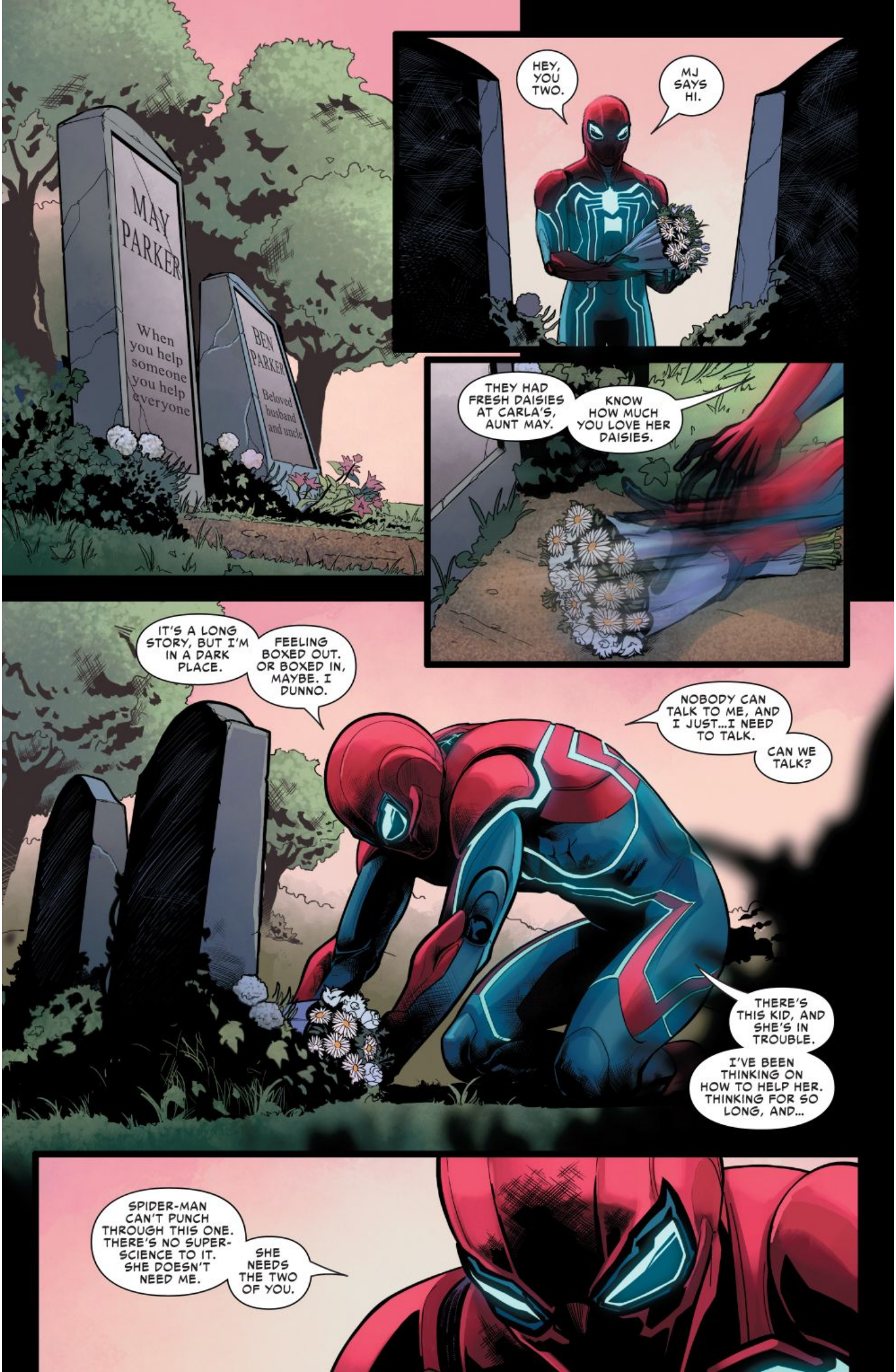
SPLAT
ESPECIALLY AT THAT AGE.
SPLAT SPLAT
SPLAT
BUGS! BUGS! BUGS!
SPLAT
GROSS.
THAT IS
AN AWFUL LOT OF BEES.
I WAS JUST TALKING TO A BEE ENTHUSIAST THE OTHER DAY.
HIGH-STRUNG GUY. YELLS A LOT.
MENTIONED HE WAS LOOKING FOR A NEW PLACE TO LIVE.
SURELY SWARM WOULDN'T BE *THIS* OBVIOUS.

I STAND CORRECTED.
WELL, IT'S DEFINITELY ON-BRAND.
FACTORY WORKERS SEEM ALIVE.
AND WELL ENOUGH.
SMALL FAVORS.
I HAVE SO MANY QUESTIONS, BEE-MAN.
IF YOU COULD PERCEIVE ME RIGHT NOW
THERE WOULD BE A SERIOUS CONVERSATION ABOUT YOUR MENTAL HEALTH.
THIS IS A DEEP, DARK BIT OF BUSINESS RIGHT HERE.
WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY BE UP TO?

TURNS OUT
FIGHTING A BAD GUY
WHO CAN'T
FIGHT BACK
DOESN'T SCRATCH THE ITCH.
MY HEAD'S NOT CLEAR AT ALL.
NOT SURE I LOVE WHAT THAT SAYS ABOUT OL' SPIDER-MAN'S MOTIVATIONS.
HEY. POLICE! BEE-MAN INSIDE. DO NOT OPEN OR HE'LL STING YA
MIGHT BE TIME FOR A SERIOUS CONVERSATION ABOUT MY MENTAL HEALTH.

Octavius' lab.
Ten seconds later.
THWIP
WELL?
THERE YOU HAVE IT.
KROOSH
KREEESH
SPLEEESH
TEMPER TANTRUM COMPLETE.


NOW, WHAT'S PLAN B?
HEY, MJ. I KNOW YOU'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS INFINITE COFFEE CHAT.
BUT I'M WOUND AS TIGHT AS A GUITAR STRING OVER HERE.
FREAKING OUT. NEED TO VENT.
I HAD A SOLUTION. OR AT LEAST I THOUGHT I DID.
LEARNED A WHOLE NEW DISCIPLINE JUST TO GIVE IT A GO. THOUGHT IT WAS PERFECT. A LITTLE MAGIC PILL.
BUT I DUNNO, TURNS OUT IT'S NOT GONNA WORK.
AFTER ALL THAT TIME. AFTER NO TIME AT ALL. I JUST...
...I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO GO NEXT.
I WANT TO HELP THIS KID. REALLY, TRULY HELP HER.
BUT IT TURNS OUT MAYBE THE ONLY THING I'M GOOD AT IS PUNCHING BAD GUYS OUT. LOCKING THEM UP.
I NEED A SOUNDING BOARD OR SOMETHING. I NEED SOME LIFE. SOME MOVEMENT. SOME NOISE.
I NEED SOME ADVICE.
WHAT DO I DO NOW?
GREAT IDEA, BABE.
THANKS FOR THE TALK.


MAY PARKER
When you help someone you help everyone
BEN PARKER
Beloved husband and uncle
HEY, YOU TWO.
MJ SAYS HI.
THEY HAD FRESH DAISIES AT CARLA'S, AUNT MAY.
KNOW HOW MUCH YOU LOVE HER DAISIES.
IT'S A LONG STORY, BUT I'M IN A DARK PLACE.
FEELING BOXED OUT. OR BOXED IN, MAYBE. I DUNNO.
NOBODY CAN TALK TO ME, AND I JUST...I NEED TO TALK.
CAN WE TALK?
THERE'S THIS KID, AND SHE'S IN TROUBLE.
I'VE BEEN THINKING ON HOW TO HELP HER. THINKING FOR SO LONG, AND...
SPIDER-MAN CAN'T PUNCH THROUGH THIS ONE. THERE'S NO SUPER-SCIENCE TO IT. SHE DOESN'T NEED ME.
SHE NEEDS THE TWO OF YOU.

YOU TRY, YOU KNOW? EVERY SINGLE DAY YOU TRY.
BUT THERE'S JUST NO KEEPING THEM SAFE. NOT REALLY.
DID YOU FEEL THAT?
FEEL WHAT?
OH... PROBABLY NOTHING.
WUH.
SHE'S UP.
HALEY!
SPIDER-MAN.
STOP HER!
HALEY, NO!
WHERE IS HE?!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
WOOOSH

I UNDERSTAND JUST FINE.
S
L
O
SLOW?
I'M NOT SLOWING DOWN!

YOU SLOW--
--DOWN!
STOP
no seriously
Stop pleas
STOP!
STOP!
STOP!

GAH!
HEY THERE.
IT'S HALEY, RIGHT?
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE CODENAME "THE BLUR"?
I'VE BEEN WORKSHOPPING SPEEDER-MAN FOR THE NEW SUIT. NOT SURE YET.
SO IT TURNS OUT WE MOVE AT A DIFFERENT FREQUENCY FROM ALL THESE VIDEOS. TOO FAST FOR TV.
I DID A LITTLE TINKERING AND FOUND ONE WE CAN SEE.
TO EVERYBODY ELSE THESE THINGS ARE STILL SELLING SODA AND UNDERWEAR.
THIS MESSAGE IS FOR YOUR EYES ONLY.
COOL, RIGHT? SO ANYWAY...
...I WAS HOPING WE COULD TALK.
KEEP.
ON.
HOPING.
TO BE CONCLUDED!

NEXT:

LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK OF THE **SPIDER-MAN: VELOCITY** SERIES BY WRITING TO US AT **GAMERVERSE@MARVEL.COM!** BE SURE TO MARK IT **"OKAY TO PRINT"!**

STAN'S SOAPBOX · JANUARY 1970

STAN'S SOAPBOX

For months I've been wanting to yak with you about this subject, but it always gets shoved aside by something more urgent. Well, this time I'm gonna say it, no matter what! This time I'm out to give the great guys and gals who produce these mags a small portion of the glowing tribute they so richly deserve. Having spent almost all my life in comics, I can testify to never having known a more ethical or honorable creative group. I've seen artists sacrifice long hours to help other artists perfect their work—writers giving their time unstintingly to polish another author's script. In this, a most highly competitive field, you'll rarely hear one artist deride another's work, but instead, the more talented the man, the more likely he is to provide advice, support, and encouragement to those who need it most. So here's to the titanically talented crew I work with; and to the equally gifted gang who toil for our competitors. Your work is demanding, your hours are long, your profession a lonely one. But you provide pleasure and enchantment to untold millions—and, though you may never meet them personally, they know you—respect you—they've taken you into their lives—and into their hearts. For you, and I, and all of us help them weave their most wondrous dreams.

Excelsior!

S. L.

STAN LEE
FOREVER

DEADLIEST MAN ALIVE

Oroboros is the undefeated Supreme Grand Master of the Fighting Arts. Oroboros won the World Overall Fighting Arts Championship (Master & Expert Divisions) after defeating the world's top Masters of JUDO, BOXING, WRESTLING, KUNG-FU, KARATE, AIKIDO, etc. in Death Matches. On Aug. 1, 1967, the World Federation of Fighting Arts crowned Oroboros "THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTING ARTS CHAMPION AND MASTER."

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